About Indianapolis.

Why Hoosier Loveliness Did Not Appear on Indiana Day-A Confiding Small Boy.

The friends of Governor Matthews are yet chuckling over the incidents that brought about a somewhat caustic note from his Excellency a few weeks ago at the expense of a very prominent Indianapolis woman. The story, although not heard from the Governor's lips, comes well authenticated, and bears all the coloring of truth. It appears that some few weeks ago, when the committee appointed by the Indiana fair commissioners met to prepare a programme for "Indiana day" at the Columbian exposition, Governor Matthews was present and | phisticated. This may be true of individassisted in the selection of a number of well-known gentlemen who were to entertain the visitors on the occasion of Indiana's glory. The programme was completed and announced to the public, when it was boys of an earlier period. They still have, satisfied. noticed that the committee had been guilty of an unpardonable blunder, that of excluding the ladies from a share in the exercises. This slight breach, it seems, came under the eye of Mrs. May Wright Sewall, evidently been indulging in some of these one of the leading and enthusiastic promoters of women's interests at the fair, and the lady promptly wrote to Governor Matthews. To the State's executive Mrs. Sewall explained that she had noticed the | to destroy. He writes: absence of her sex from the programme, and desired to know just why it was thus. Governor Matthews informed his correspondent that the error must have been the result of an oversight on the part of the gentlemen composing the committee, and, after profuse apologies for having been implicated in the creation of so distressing an annoyance, suggested to the lady that it was not yet too late to repair the blunder, and added that he would be only too happy to place upon the programme the names of any of Indiana's distinguished women who might be named It appears that Mrs. Sewall's note left with the Governor the impression that he should receive later from her a list of suitable candidates for the day's honors, and he awaited her pleasure in that respect. A week passed away and no enlighten-

ment came. Then two weeks and no word from Mrs. Sewall. The Governor was grow-Ing to believe that "Indiana day" was destined to go into history unadorned with the triumph of Hoosier loveliness, when he found himself in the receipt of a letter from Miss M. H. Krout, of the Chicago Inter Ocean, To Governor Matthews the distinguished author of "Little Brown Hands" sent greeting and announced that she was delighted to learn of his intention to place the names of some Indiana women on the programme. If the Governor would permit the suggestion Miss Krout thought that the names of Mrs. May Wright Sewall and Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace, mother of Gen. Lew Wallace, would graciously add to the list as representative daughters of Indiana. Now, the Governor did not re-member having informed Miss Krout of his intention in this direction, but he felt it incumbent upon himself to reply to the lady's request, and did so with becoming grace. He thanked Miss Krout kindly for her suggestions, but was exceedingly regretful that it would be impossible to appoint either of the ladies mentioned. There were two reasons why he could not comply with the request, the Governor further wrote. He felt confident that Mrs. Wallace, with the knowledge that her illustrious son was on the programme for a share of the entertainment, would have some hesitancy in accepting an invitation to participate As to extending an invitation to Mrs. Sew-all, the Governor could not entertain the thought. It would be decidedly presumptuous, he concluded, to impose a task so arduous upon a lady who had but recently "thanked God that she was not an Indiana woman." Hence the absence of the "Indiana woman" on "Indiana day." After the contents of the Governor's letter became known to the Indiana commissioners at Chicago he received several letters of congratulation, some of the writers mentioning the fact that it had taken considerable trouble to disabuse the minds of the fair people of the idea that the "Columbian dress-reform" costume had originated in

"He was only six," said the school ma'am, "of slight build, and had a pair of laughing blue eyes lighting up the funny little face. Watching a line of school children filing through the hall one morning, I noticed the pair of blue eyes peering through the stair rails, the mouth puckered and the face drawn into a ridiculous mask. Three or four mornings this continued, until, seeing that nothing was done about it, he became bolder, and would make the provoking face as soon as he came near me. One morning I spoke to his teacher about it, asking that she request him not to do it. That night on my way home I noticed the little fellow coming towards me laughing. Taking my hand in his he said: 'I make faces at you 'cause I like you.'
"What could I do but make a friend of

him, whom I had never spoken to before, but who by some mysterious chance had learned to like me without knowing me. All that winter, no difference how cold it was, the little fellow waited for me on a certain corner and walked with me to the building. Once during the winter he said to me in his funny German fashion: 'You know my father die last Friday?' Upon inquiring further into the circumstances he said: 'Oh, my father leave us money; he leave us \$1.50.' To his childish imagination that was a great deal of money.

"All that was sixteen years ago. The other day I picked up a Chicago paper and read: 'Found on the docks was a young man paralyzed in the lower limbs. He was in a terrible condition from starvation and exposure. He had come from Indianapolis to find work; had found none. Discouraged, sick and friendless, he had laid down to die.' The name of the young man was - the old-time laughing face maker."

He stood in front of the storm doors that lead into the lobby of the New Denison Hotel. He had on the same overcoat that he had worn four winters ago, and his hat was not of that flying-pigeon style seen only this season. In season and out of season he had worked for his party; a ways at the polls on election day, always hustling before and after the conventions, always at the beck and call of the leaders. Almost a month had elapsed since his party went into power after a few years of vacation. And yet he was unrewarded. Suddenly his eyes assumed an anxious, hopeful expression. Something on the door gave him hope-so much hope that he gave a start. It was just a little enamel sign.

"Pull!" muttered he under his breath. "At last I have it. A pull. Yes, a pull." And his glee was almost idiotic, so long had he hungered for a job. Then he swung the storm door wide and walked in with a hesitating step. He turned to release the door, when he caught sight of another sign on the inside of the door. It was of just the same size as the sign on the outside. But it

read different. "Push!" he hissed flendishly. "Yes, in the 'push.' Don't the door say so? The push on the other side of the pull! I'll go through It again." And again and again he went in and out of the door. He spied a friend on the outside and wanted him to come and enjoy the intoxicating delight of passing from a pull to the push. But his friend thought the man better be taken home.

That old custom of throwing a slipper after a departing bride and groom still prevails to a great extent. A few days ago there was a marriage in high life on South West street, which was attended by a goodly number of the daughters of Erin who were on the shady side of life. The bride and groom departed for Chicago, their future home, soon after the ceremony, and as they were leaving an elderly Irish lady, with the best intentions in the world, searched for a slipper to toss after them. Finding no slipper at hand she seized the next best thing, which was a brogan shoe, Her intentions were much better than her aim, however, and instead of throwing the shoe over the head of the groom, it struck the groom squarely upon the back of the cranium and staggered him for a moment, His first thought was that some unsuecessful rival had made his newly wedded wife a widow, but when he found that he was mistaken in this he allowed the good intentions of the thrower to stand as an excuse for her bad aim. He will recover.

Hon, C. W. Fairbanks tells a good story of his personal experience during the camtee was one at Huntingburg at 1 o'clock on lief that Collinson entered the ocean when a certain afternoon. Mr. Fairbanks started | it was 'open.' "

SOME SHORT STORIES from Indianapolis the night before, got into the wrong sleeper and was carried beyond Terre Haute, where he was to change cars. By the time he got back the early train for Huntingburg had gone. The next Brief Tales and Gossip Picked Up did not leave until about noon, arriving at Huntingburg at 3 o'clock, two hours too late for him to fill his engagement. It was a ho' day, but Mr. Fairbanks hustled and succeeded in chartering a special engine at the slight expense of \$90. He lugged his grip away down into the yards, mounted his engine and tipped the engineer liberally to let 'er go. He did. Freights had been sidetracked along the road, and the natives of southern Indiana saw that "wild" engine go tearing through their territory at the rate of about seventy miles an hour. It reached Huntingburg before 1 o'clock, and Mr. Fairbanks, much begrimed from his wild ride, made a rush for his hotel to clean up. He found that he had ample time, for the meeting was billed for 7 o'clock p. m. There had been a misunderstanding as to the hour.

Elderly persons of pessimistic turn are often heard to express the opinion that boys in this end of the century are not as they used to be; that they lack the pleasing ingenuousness and the complete faith in their fellow-beings that should be attributes of youth and are altogether too souals, but there are boys and boys. Some of them are as innocent and trustful and as much given to the expression of surprising and unique sentiment as were ever the fashion of thinking the "long, long thoughts of youth"-those happy fancies that come but once in life. The author of the letter to the Journal given below has thoughts. The passing favor of the stranger to whom he refers has dwelt in his memory until his imagination has reared a structure of possibilities it were a pity

Mr. Editor: Dear Sir-I suppose you will be surprised in receiving a letter from a boy you never saw. My object in writing to you is this: On Sept. 30 my pa and ma, brother and myself was coming from the world's fair. On the Big Four train I met with a gentleman with dark hair and eyes, and black mustache that got off at (your town) Indianapolis. He seemed to take a fancy to me, and told me he would just be glad to have a boy like me to go home with him. He insisted until the last for me to go with him. I was very tired and sleepy and forgot to ask him his name and where lived. I have taken this way to see if I can find him out, by writing to you and asking you to publish my letter in your paper and oblige an anxious boy. I hope he will write to me if he sees this. The train was so crowded that we could hardly find a seat. My ma got a seat at last for me, by asking an old man to let his traps sit on the floor, they could sit there bet-ter than I could. Please don't throw my letter in the waste basket, and will you please ask your county papers to copy?

Yours respectfully, FRANK S. MONEYHON, Augusta, Bracken County, Kentucky. P. S.—If there is any charges send me word. I hope you will be easy on me. F. S. M.

P. S. No. 2 .- I hope if he sees my letter If the gentlemen with the dark hair and eyes and black mustache sees this and does not immediately enter into corre-

spondence with the confiding Kentucky lad and so prove that his "fancy" was not a pretense, and his professions mere flattery, he is certainly not what an Indianapolis gentleman should be. A prominent Republican attorney of this city, who took an active part in the re-

cent municipal campaign, was asked by his son, a few days ago, what position he was to receive from the new Mayor. "None at all," replied the sire. "What! ain't you going to get any

place?" asked the boy in astonishment. "No, I don't want any place." "Well, what's the matter with getting me

'Getting you a job? What do you The boy hesitated for a moment and then suggested that he thought the inspector-ship of weeds would just about fit his

"How could you be inspector of weeds and go to school?" "Well I could take my pony after 4 o'clock and go around, and I think I could inspect the weeds after school was out." "Why the days are getting short at this time of year, and you would have but little time between 4 o'clock and dark to look after the weeds. This seemed to "stump" the boy for a moment, but it was only momentary. "But, Pa, there ain't many weeds now,

The predominance of the eye glass impresses one and from the number worn it would seem that at least half of the population has defective eyesight. The monocle has not appeared permanently in this locality, for which thanks should be returned, but there are glasses and chains in variety. One day, not long ago several persons were talking of their eyes and the eyes of their friends and each one was relating some peculiarity of their eyesight or that of some friend. One was near sighted or another far sighted and not only were the persons afflicted with some like trouble but they were unlike other people, at least every one tried to make the others think that the especial case to which they referred was a little worse than that of any other. The sad tricks of defective eyesight were spoken of and one man said he had a friend who had the queerest affliction he had ever known. If he was walking on one side of the street and saw a soldier on the other, who had stripes down the sides of his trousers, the stripes would come over on his side of the street and leave the soldier walking down on the opposite. The others gave up the contest.

Sergeant O'Shaughnessey was suffering from a severe cold at police roll call the other night. He answered to his name in a horse-fiddle bass which attracted the attention of patrolman O'Flaherty. "I see yez have a cold, sergeant," quoth O'Flaherty. "Yes," whispered O'Shaughnessey, "an' I think it's due to these sudden changes around here." Mr. O'Flaherty felt for his

AN OPEN ARCTIC SEA.

Seasons When a Ship Can Pass from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Portland Oregonian.

That steamers can pass through the Arctic ocean in certain years is the opinion of Capt. A. H. McGregor, based upon his experience in the polar regions. Captain Mc-Gregor has seen twenty-three years service in the Arctic, and commands the steamer Orca, owned by the Pacific Whaling Company, of San Francisco. He was in this city a few days last week, and talked entertainingly of his experience.
"Last year," he said, "nine of the Pa-

cific Whaling Company's steamers and ships reached Cape Bathurst, the farthest point north and east ever reached by a vessel of any kind. We had been whaling in Bering sea, and, having finished what is termed the outside catch in July, we started for the Arctic to finish the season. We passed along the east shore, rounded Point Barrow, and then made the journey to the cape, which is near the McKenzie river. We cast anchor and whaled there the rest of the season. The natives were somewhat surprised at our appearance, but as they had seen white men before they soon overcame what fear they might have felt and became very friendly. They did not differ in the least from other Esquimaux. We sounded the ocean near the McKenzie and found that a boat drawing more than four feet of water could not approach within thirty miles of the river. The land on both sides was mountainous and covered with

"The oldest native told us that it was many winters since white men came in boats, which led me to believe that no boat had reached the cape since Captain Collin-son was there in 1855. Captain Collinson and his party visited the place in small boats when they were making a survey of the British possessions, but they were compelled to remain there three years before

they could return. "We could have made the trip from the Pacific to the Atlantic last year if we had so desired, but our business was whaling, not exploring. We found what is called the breeding ground of the whales, which lies between Cape Bathhurst and the McKenzie river. We left four vessels, the Norwalk, Balaeva, Grampus and Newport, to winter there, while the others finished the season on the Siberian coast. Those that wintered in the Arctic have been whaling from them and do not know if the ocean is open again this year. Natives at the cape whom I questioned told me that the ocean was fairly open three years out of four, and that there was a great big sea one year in five. Last year was what they termed a 'great big sen,' and they said that the same conditions prevailed in 1889. A large vessel could not pass through a paign a year ago. Among the list of ap- fairly open sea, so the chances of reaching pointments given him by the State commit- Greenland through the Arctic sea are one AN ENTERPRISING NOVELIST.

He Had a Little Advertising Scheme But It Failed to Work.

Boston Letter in Scribner's Book Buyer. It was not of the advertising in newspapers, however, that I was about to speak. An enterprising young man of letters in Boston has gone a step further. That he is a young man of some cleverness is to be inferred from the fact that he had a novel accepted for publication by a well-known house; and that he is a man of some education may or may not follow from the fact that he possesses a diploma from a prominent college, which it would, perhaps, be invidious to mention. That he is likely to get on would seem to be evident from his enterprise.

His novel having been accepted, the young man armed himself with the letter from his publishers, and visited a representative of a much-advertised champagne

"You see from this letter," he said in sub-stance, "that I am to have a novel published by a first-class house. It is a society story, and it is likely to be read by just the sort of folk that you want to reach. Now, what will you give me to have your wine spoken of in it, as being praised at the Somerset Club?"

The proposition was novel, but it was one which, on the whole, commended itself to the agents, and after some conversation they agreed to give the young author a very pretty sum for advertising their wine in his forthcoming book. They specified however, that they would pay nothing until the book was actually published, and with this the author expressed himself perfectly

So far all had gone well, but, unluckily for the enterprising novelist, the bookkeeper of the wine merchants has a brother who is employed in a similar capacity in the house of the publishers who had accepted the man- \$15. uscript upon which the arrangement had been founded. In a moment of indiscreet confidence bookkeeper related the arrangement to his brother as an astonishingly good joke on the publishing house. The second bookkeeper felt his loyalty or his pride, or some other emotion, so swell within him that he could not rest until he had in turn confided the story to his employers. The re-sult may be readily imagined. The author received his manuscript back with a politic note stating that he had made a mistake in supposing that the publishing house was an advertising agency; and the whole scheme came to naught, at least for the

The last touch in this singular story was a rather impudent note, which the novelist wrote to the publishers, in which he remarked that as he had observed that the publishers put advertisements, for which they were paid, into the extra leaves of the books they published, he was unable to see why the men who wrote the books should not turn a penny by putting into the books themselves advertisements which hurt nobody. The argument did not convince anybody, it is true; but it illustrates the spirit of a certain class of young writers in a manner which struck me as being something unique.

DEAR ME.

Lient. King Tells of the First Time He Heard the Expression Used. New York Sun.

"'Dear me!' has become popular in New York as a retort unexpected. I have discovered," said Lieut. Oscar King at the Lotos Club, several nights ago, "and I remember the first time I ever heard the expression used in that way. Since I have been in New York I have heard Wall-street men say 'Dear me' when they lost heavily men say 'Dear me' when they lost heavily They have said it so that it sounded like 'Dear ah me.' To appreciate the humor of this expression one should hear it sprung in that way on unexpected occasions. For instance, a man gets a knock-down blow. no matter of what kind, and he bobs up se-renely and says flippantly, 'Dear ah me!' It seems to have taken the place of the ex-

pression 'I'm bored stiff.'

"It was in Cheyenne several years ago that I first heard this expression used in an unexpected way. I was stationed near there at the time, and the cowboy broncho races were on. If you have ever seen any of these races you know the motley kind of a crowd that gathers for them. Cowboys of all descriptions and various degrees of badness were there with bronchos and their guns. They were out for sport and they were loaded with dust. The most noticeable man in the crowd, however, was an Englishman, mounted on a well-groomed thoroughbred. His horse was a high stepper, and he looked very large by contrast with the broncos. The Englishman rode with short stirrups and that attracted with short stirrups, and that attracted with short stirrups, and that attracted attention. Moreover, he wore a pair of white 'bags' and patent leather boots, with a polish in which you could see your face. Such an outfit had never been seen in that part of the country. He eclipsed the cowboys as a show, and they didn't like it. No one watched their races. Everyone centered his attention on the very gorgeous Englishman. That meant trouble for him. Englishman. That meant trouble for him. "Broncho Pete, who was willing to admit that he was a bad man, always ready for a fight, followed the Englishman around, and just in front of the grand stand he rode past him with a rush, and fired his revolver close to the thoroughbred's ear. The horse did a skirt dance, kicked up a cloud of dust and then bolted. His rider was missing. When the dust settled there was the dapper Englishman stretched out on the ground. Would he shoot? Broncho Pete was waiting to get the drop on him if he made a demonstration in that direction. It was a critical moment from a Cheyenne point of view. The Englishman arose to his feet slowly, looked at his horse running wild and then at his dusty boots. He pulled out his handkerchief and flecked the dust from his patent leathers. Then he looked at the grand stand and said: 'Dear ah me.' There was a whoop that nearly raised the roof, and since then 'Dear ah me' has become a standard expression in Cheyenne for the unexpected."

LEARN HOW TO REST.

Absolute Repose Comes Only with Supineness-The Best Couch. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The art of good looks is a fine art indeed, and one that deserves the encouragement it seems to be getting on every side. Even those "aids to beauty"-in the shape of lotions, lemon water and skin soaps so enthusiastically urged upon womankind from the back pages of every magazine and pamphlet in the land, are not to be treated with topping scorn. They have their places and use in the general struggle for loveliness. But why not back up these efforts for comeliness by common sense conducted throughout each day's wear and

To begin with, women sit too much, and women stand quite too much. Nothing is so wearisome as "standing about," even to the well-trained body that has been drilled into good poise, and sitting is not resting, however cleverly women may delude them-

selves on this point.
The young girl who desires to keep away crows-feet and that jaded look we all know so well, and to retain the suppleness and adorable bloom of extreme youth, should, when off parade or off duty, as the case may be, and in her own room, make a couch or the floor her habitual resting

Absolute repose comes to the tired muscles only when the body is in a reclining position, and absolute repose comes to the overstrung nerves only when the muscular system is perfectly at rest-relaxed. The middle-aged woman could, I am positive, woo back much of the freshness and lithesomeness of girlhood if she would be at a little pains to learn how to rest. Five minutes of rest flat on one's back on the floor or on a hard, smooth couch are worth half an hour of so-styled "rest" in

an armchair or in that unreposeful tempter, the rocking chair. Some one has said to the women of today: "Never stand when you can sit, never sit when you can lie down." This exhortation, applied with some elasticity, is the best receipt for beauty I know of. While I have little sympathy with the gospel of laziness preached so consistently by some lives, I do recommend frequent daily lapses into complete fallowness.

An Irish Social Era.

Cholly Knickerbocker. We are coming to it, chappies, rapidly and certainly-the swinging doors of the Four Hundred must be opened wide to the elite of Tammany Hall. That is why I occasionally give space in this column to the Tiger magnates. If these Chesterfields who rule Gotham are fortunate enough to escape the fate of Tweed they will eventually press to the social wall the Vanderbilts, the Belmonts, the Goulds, the Rockefellers, the Waterburys and all the rest of our newly rich, just as these have shoved aside the Knickerbockers, the Stuyvesants, the De Peysters and those other traditional families upon whom and in

whom rested the first glory of New York. The Dutch are dead. A new era is dawning—an Irish era!
"Oranje Boven!" is giving place to "The
Green Above the Red!" The Prince of Orange is ousted by Brian

Boru! From Harlem to the Fourth ward the clans are gathering. Make room for the Crokers, the Gilroys, the Cockrans and the Paddy Divvers! Money is the open sesame to social preferment in Gotham, and if they have it they will get there.

Why shouldn't they? Is there anything in our social code to prevent them?

The Danger of Hypnotism.

Dr. Luys says: "From the social point

PINCHING TIMES PRICES

OVERCOATS

Extra quality plain Beaver, in black, blue and brown, extra well lined and trimmed; a bargain at \$12. PINCHING TIMES PRICE, \$10

Extra quality Tivoli Beaver Overcoats, single and double breasted, worth in season \$15. PINCHING TIMES PRICE, \$12

Extra quality Black Cheviot, extra long, superbly made, great value at \$20. PINCHING TIMES PRICE, \$15

Also Black Cheviots at \$10. Union Cassimere Suits, stripes and plaids, \$10 Suits.

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Good quality Cassimere Suits, Sawyer patterns, Frocks and Sacks, serge lined, everybody knows they're worth PINCHING TIMES PRICE, \$12

JUVENILE WEAR.

BEAUTIFUL LINE OF SUITS AND OVERCOATS

Children's Overcoats. PINCHING TIMES PRICE, \$3 and upwards. Boys' Overcoats. PINCHING TIMES PRICE, 83

and upwards. School Hats and Caps, 25e, 50e, 75e.

MEN'S HATS Our \$1.68 sale of Men's fine Stiff Hats will con'

MORE BOYS' WEAR

Suits, ages 4 to 14, capitally worth \$4.
PINCHING TIMES PRICE, \$3

Heavy double-breasted Cassimere Suits, specially good for school wear, always sold for \$6. PINCHING TIMES PRICE, \$3

FOR \$15.00

tinue.

For Fall and Winter Wear-for \$15-fifty different patterns of Tweeds, Hairline Cheviots, Grey-mixed Diagonals, Black Cheviots and Clay Worsteds. We can please the most fastidious dresser. These are in single and double breasted Sacks and cutaway Frocks-every Suit worth \$20, better than tailor-made Suits at \$30.

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT OVERCOATS

We show a line of fine Kersey Overcoats that no merchant tailor will duplicate at \$50 to \$60 each. On these our price is \$25 and \$30. Included in this offer are IMPORTED CARR MELTONS only \$30.

ORIGINAL EAGLE,

5 and 7 West Washington Street

HAT DEPARTMENT, 16 S. Meridian St.

or merely fascinated subjects may be made to pass deserve to be considered with lively interest. As I shall have to explain to you later, the individual in these novel conditions no longer belongs to himself; he is surrendered, an inert being, to the enter-prise of those who surround him. He may be induced to become a homicide, an in-cendiary or suicide, and all these impulses deposited in his brain during sleep become forces stored up silently, which will then burst forth at a given moment, causing acts like those performed by the really insane. All these are real facts which you may meet with this very day in ordinary life."

CERTAIN RUSTIC REMEDIES. "Simples" Which Country Folks Think Better Than Doctor's Stuff. New York Sun.

"When the Adirondack native becomes afflicted with any of the numerous small ills which make mankind wretched," said the returned summer visitor, "he does not waste much time on doctors, but goes straight to the woods or his attic for nature's own remedies. There is one old man whom I have met with, packbasket on shoulder and shears and a rough board stool in his mittened hands, going after yarrow, which, dried, is a standby for coughs when it has been made into a wicked looking have. wicked looking brew. Fir-balsam, coaxed, drop by drop, from the 'blisters' which swell on the balsam fir at moonlight, is a sovereign remedy for lung and chest com-

"Gravel weed, by which name they in-sult trailing arbutus, is excellent for the complaint which gives it its name, and bladder root has a desirable effect the kidneys and neighboring organs. Sage tea, containing a little summer savory, is efficacious for worms in children, for which belmonia, steeped, is also used. Sunflower seeds, steeped, strained and sweetened with molasses, will cure the 'whoop' in whooping cough. Horseradish leaves, wilted and bound on the face and back of the neck, will drive away neural-gia, and a nutmeg bored and tied about the neck will keep it away. The nutmeg must be renewed about once every six weeks. "Onions sliced, pounded and placed in

cloth and laid over the affected part will draw out inflammation. A red onion, halved, and with one part slightly scooped out and the cup placed over a carbuncle or a boil will speedily remove the pus, and has saved. life. A red worsted string tied about the neck will cure and prevent nose bleed. This last calls for some credulity one might think, but I have seen it proved in one or

two instances. "There are many more of these simple remedies in the North Woods pharmacopoeia which the wise ones have at their fingers' ends; and if they are not more widely used, and money kept in the overalls of the thrifty native, it is because a lenient and fortunate fate presides over the incomes of the Adirondack medicos.

GOURKO AND THE CZAR. An Episode in the Life of Russia's Greatest Living General. Toronto Empire.

General Gourko, whose mortal illness is reported from Cracow, is only sixty-five years of age, but was the most famous soldier in Russia. Gourko had had some vicissitudes, but none harsher than under the late Emperor Alexander II. When Solovieff was unsuccessful in his attempt to assassinate Alexander II, the Czar picked out Gourko for a post that made him the guardian of his master's life. The soldier at once declared the capital in a state of siege, and took the utmost precaution against nihilistic conspirators. But unfortunately for the soldier the conspirators were too clever for him, and during the winter two attempts were made on the life

of the Czar. Quite incensed, the Emperor banished his guardian, banished him to Siberia, but reented and kept him under police surveillance on his (Gourko's) own estates. There stayed for years, morose and sullen, and this exile had a remarkable effect on the man. He was never seen to smile again. When he came forth to active life once more he was a changed man. A stern disci-plinarian before, he was ruthless now. His ruthlessness was seen in his treatment of the Poles. It was the present Emperor who recalled him, and he sent him in 1885 as Governor-general to Warsaw. It became a saying in Warsaw that there had never been a representative of the Czar there so inhumanly severe toward all those who showed even the faintest tinge of lib-eralism in their political aspirations.

The Fashionable Ten. New York Tribune.

The dinner hour grows later in New York, and afternoon tea is really a necessity for a tired woman of society, and not at all the Anglomaniac fad it has been called. So long an interval stretches between the luncheon hour and the late dinner that some food must be taken to support this mortal frame meanwhile. The small cup of delicious creamy tea, the delicate little square of thin bread and butter, the bit of cake of fairy lightness-these things give the much-needed refreshment without destroying the appetite for the suc-ceeding dinner. And the afternoon cup of tea offers the pleasantest excuse for the informal stroll and call. Pieces of beautiful old silver play a large

part on the afternoon tea table, and patient has been the search of fair hostesses for the heirlooms of other times and other races. Some of these tea-table appointments represent small fortunes.

They Hurt His Face. Philadelphia Record.

of view, these new states of instantaneous as I draw, unconsciously my face assumes in my work, and that is the reason I sup-loss of consciousness into which hypnotic the expression of the people I am trying to pose that I am so sympathetic with it."

CLEAN SWEEP

Astrachan and Electric Seal Capes, trimmed either with Marten, Seal or Astrachan Collar, sizes from 34 to 40, will go to-morrow for

Ladies Come Early

Also, a few choice Mink Capes, 18 inches length, regular price \$50, will go to-morrow for

\$29.50

Ladies, don't miss this

heads, only \$2.50

Fur Edging and Piping

NEW YORK HAT CO

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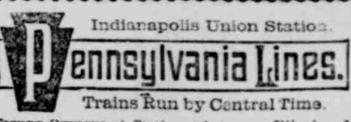
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